A FAMOUS CHARGER.

The Story of Marengo, Napoleon's Last War Horse.

Napoleon helped himself to the creature when he encountered the mamelukes on the banks of the Nile in 1798. Superb as were the horses of these "knights of the desert," the white charger with the "great black eyes, wide nostrils, clean limbs and a brave heart," as Ibrahim the bey described him, was the most splendid of them all. He was a small horse, only just over fourteen hands, faultless in shape and dauntless in courage. Napoleon rode him at the siege of Acre, at the battles of Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena and Wagram. He took him to Moscow in that fatal campaign against Russia and rode him at Borodino and on the Beresina river.

When disaster had come and Napoleon was banished to Elba, the favorite horse was not permitted to accompany him. "I had rather I had shot him than that King Louis should possess him," the fallen emperor said, and he laughed with grim satisfaction when an equerry reminded him that the Bourbon king was himself too unwieldy to ride Marengo or any other horse. Two years passed, and Napoleon was back in Paris. The turn of fortune's wheel had brought him to the top again; Louis was a fugitive, and the emperor was wildly acclaimed by the fickle populace, who but a few weeks before had shouted for the king.

Once more Marengo was led from his stable; once more the housings with the gilded bees were buckled on his shapely form. The horse, old in years and white as fresh flaked snow, was as full of courage as ever. His master's hand passed lovingly over his satin skin as Napoleon mounted him that fatal 18th of June when the troops were forming up on the fields which had been so fresh and green that morning and where the lark's sweet song was silenced by the first booming of the guns. The white charger carried the emperor as proudly as ever; the wide nostrils sniffed the battle clouds as they had often done before. A musket ball struck the creature's flanks, and the white skin and golden bees were stained with blood and dust.

Late in the afternoon Napoleon turned his horse's head from the field. The battle was fought and lost. Only Marengo's fleetness and tireless courage remained between him and captivity. Nobly the old horse responded to his call. Away through the trampled corn, across the broken ground, through the awful scenes of slaughter and the heaps of the dead and dying; away through the merciful darkness of the summer night; away toward Paris once again.

That was the last time Napoleon rode his favorite. Lord Petre found the poor beast, wounded and utterly worn out, at a roadside inn, where Napoleon had entered his carriage, leaving the horse behind. Marengo was brought to England, and eventually sold to General Angerstein of the grenadiers. His old age was passed at Angerstein's place in Norfolk, where the horse—to the last "beautiful as a picture"—attracted much notice. On his death the general presented one of the hoofs to his old comrades of the Guards brigade, and another belongs to General Angerstein's family, at Weeting Hall, Norfolk.—London Modern Society.

Still Unsatisfied.

"Goin' the whole way, mister?" inquired the passenger with the green necktie as he took out his snuffbox, preparatory to settling himself for a cross examination.

The man interrogated eyed him attentively, then replied:

"No. I get out at the third station. I am going to collect some money due to me for groceries supplied. You see, I am a wholesale grocer. The business was left to me by my father. I am married and have five children. The eldest is eleven years old. I am exactly twelve years and nine months married. I live in a semidetached house, rented at £40. My wife is fair and weighs twelve stone. She was a dairymaid before I married her, and has been vaccinated twice. I have £1,150 in the bank, and I was fourteen when I left school."

The man in the green necktie had a dissatisfied look as he inquired:

"What did your great-grandfather do for a living?"—London Standard.

The Shamrock.

In Ireland only one shamrock is known. It is an indigenous species of clover which trails along the ground among the grass in meadows. The trefoil leaves are not more than one-fourth the size of the smallest clover usually seen in America and are pure green in color, without any of the brown shading of white and pink clovers. The creeping stem is hard and fibrous and difficult to dislodge from the earth. On St. Patrick's day the true shamrock has to be searched out among the grass, for, though comparatively plentiful at that season, it grows close to the ground. Later it bears a tiny "white crown" blossom. The information that shamrokh is the Arabic word for cuckold may be of [illegible]

DARING BRAVERY.

An Exciting Incident In the Career of John Paul Jones.

Whitehaven was a town of considerable importance, writes Cyrus Townsend Brady in the Metropolitan Magazine. It had a population of 50,000 people, and several hundred vessels of all kinds were in the port. Two forts commanded its harbor, but John Paul Jones believed largely in the value of the unexpected and by 3 o'clock in the morning was making for the place with two cutters manned by fifteen men each armed only with pistols and cutlasses. One of the cutters, in command of Captain Jones himself, made directly for the town, and the other, under command of Lieutenant Wallingford, pulled for the shipping docks on the opposite side of the harbor. Jones landed quietly just as the first streaks of dawn were tingeing the east and, leaving one man in his boat, set out at a run for the nearest fort. Gallantly scaling the walls, the party fell upon the small garrison and made them prisoners without firing a shot. After spiking the guns Jones locked the English soldiers in their own guardhouse and set out at a run for the other fort, half a mile away.

But during all this time there was no sign of the work of Wallingford, not a spark of light or a cloud of smoke to show that that officer was doing his part of the work. Not until Jones had reached the other fort and spiked the guns did he learn that Wallingford had abandoned the attempt because the match which he carried for the purpose had gone out.

It was broad daylight, and here and there were signs of activity in the houses near the docks. Captain Jones had no time for delay. He boarded a large vessel and with his own hands kindled a fire in her steerage. Upon the flames he threw straw and hatchway gratings; a barrel of tar completed the work.

In the meanwhile the gathering of townfolk had increased until the crowd had become a frantic mob, which was now threatening the men and the landing place. Seeing that he could do no more, Jones went ashore and, drawing his two pistols, went down to face 1,500 people. He was not a large man, but there was something in his face to supply the deficiency of majesty in stature. He swayed the mob with his pistols as a summer breeze moves a rye field. He reached the cutter and easily held the infuriated people at bay until the fire was well started and his men were safely seated in their cutter. After that he entered the boat and was pulled away.

A Measure For Chefs.

Twelve-year-old Dorothy is already a cook of no mean proficiency. Saturday morning frequently finds her in the kitchen, being initiated into the making of some simple dish.

"Oh, put in a moderately generous pinch of salt," her mother will reply to her anxious inquiry, or her grandmother will give a professional glance at the stewpan and say, "Well, if I were making it I think I'd probably put in quite a little more butter."

Such remarks, coming easily from the tongues of artists who have only to look at a bit of cookery in process of making to know exactly what it needs, are exasperating to a youthful cook, especially one who inherits from "the other side" a predilection for scientific accuracy of statement.

Recently Dorothy, returning from a visit, excited even the interest of those passed masters, her mother and grandmother, by making a wonderful new salad dressing. The two ladies shortly afterward tried to make the dressing, under Dorothy's instruction.

"How much sugar did you say, Dorothy?" asked one of her pupils, bending with flushed face over the stove at a critical moment.

"Well," said Dorothy, with unnatural deliberateness, "if I were making that dressing, I shouldn't be surprised if most likely I'd put in a moderately generous heaping tip end of a medium sized tablespoonful."

"Elephants a Pilin' Teak."

It is in the work of piling logs that the extraordinary intelligence of the elephant is best shown. In the sawmills elephants are used in every department. One will drag a log out of the water to the saw bench and with his tusks place it on the table, while at the other end his mate is waiting, and when the buzzing circular saw has converted the round tree into a four sided log he lifts it off the bench, places it on the ground and drags it out to the storage yard, where he puts it carefully into position, placing one log exactly on the top of the other with wonderful precision. Elephants can pile logs to the height of their foreheads. When the squared logs are wanted for shipment the elephant picks out the required number and drags them down to the waterside, and, when necessary, enters the river and holds the logs in position while they are being bound together by the raftsmen. After that he leaves the log to man's devices.—London Mail.

An Exclamation.

May—Ever been jilted, Edith? Edith—No, dear. What does it feel like?